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The Gold of Ophir.

Major Noah, of the Sunday Times, thus interestingly discourses on the probability of California being King Solomon's 'placer,' from whence he drew his immense supply of Gold. It is quite speculative, but the article will, notwithstanding be read with interest:

"We have seen it suggested that California, from the abundance of gold found in that country, might possibly be the Ophir of Scripture, from whence King Solomon obtained the vast amount of gold expended on the erection of the Temple; and the question is worthy of examination. Where Ophir is situated, has always been a subject of investigation among the learned, and always one of great doubt and obscurity. That the Phœnicians were navigators long before the days of Solomon—that they discovered Central America and Mexico, and established colonies there, the ruins of Palenque, the Pyramids, Temples, and other splendid remains in those countries prove, as well as that the builders of Tyre, Babylon and Carthage were there, for there are the evidences of their architecture. That the old Hebrews were merchants and navigators, we may learn from the predictions of Moses, (particularly of the tribe of Zebulon,) from Deuteronomy, chap. xxxiii., verse 19, that they should "suck the abundance of the sea, and of treasures hid in the sand," implying, beyond doubt, trading in merchandize and exploring for gold.

"It was supposed that Ophir was situated on the Eastern coast of Africa, a little beyond the Straits of Babel-mandel. Others supposed that it was the ancient Trapabona, now known as the Island of Ceylon. Eusebius, in referring as King David, says 'that he built ships at Elath, a city of Arabia, and from thence sent 'metal men to the Island of Orphia (Ophir) in the Red Sea, which was fruitful in yielding abundance of gold, and the 'metal men' brought it from thence to Judea." Now, we can only ascertain the situation of Ophir by distances, and there is no such island in the Red Sea. The ships that sailed from the port of Elath, on the borders of the Red Sea, to Tarshish, made it a voyage of three years; whereas the whole Red Sea, from its commencement to the Indian Ocean, can be navigated in twenty days. The merchandize brought from Tarshish was gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks. These are the productions of Africa. That from Ophir was gold, almug-trees, and precious stones; and the largest quantity of gold imported by King Solomon came from Ophir, and it was supposed that Ophir was situated somewhere in the southern part of Arabia. It is known that Solomon, in conjunction with King Hiram, of Tyre, sent a fleet from Ezion-Gebr, at the head of the Red Sea, to Ophir, which returned with four hundred talents of gold, with large quantities of the almug tree, (our sandal wood,) and precious stones. The fleets of Tarshish and Ophir sailed in different directions. Tarshish was what we call the coast of Guinea, producing gold, ivory, apes, and peacocks, and the fleets sailed from the head of the Mediterranean, passed out at the Gut of Gibralter, and sailed around the southern coast of Africa. This is the opinion of Major Rennel. The ships bound to Tarshish are spoken of in Scriptures as strong and heavy ships.

"If we believe that Ophir was in Arabia, and was a depot for the Phœnicians, then they imported the vast quantity of gold found at Ophir, from some other place. Looking, therefore, at the enterprise of the Phœnicians, making Arabia their head-quarters, what prevented their ships sailing around to California by the north-eastern passage, and bringing back large cargoes of gold, precious stones and sandal-wood from Ophir? By the ordinary sailing in these times, supposing Ophir to be near the mouth of the Red Sea, the voyage could be made in sixty days, whereas it required three years. By making Ophir the mercantile depot in Arabia for all the adventures of the Phœnicians there, gold might have been procured from Guinea to the south, and California to the northeast; due, as the Temple cost four hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling, we can readily imagine what a vast amount of gold was expended in its erection. However, much is left to conjecture.

This we know, and have ever been convinced of, from all that we can gather from the best authorities, that the American continent was known to the ancients, and was visited and settled by them—consequently its mineral riches could not have been hid from an enterprising, searching people, remarkable for their love of discovery and colonizing.

FRANCE.

The New York Commercial publishes a very interesting letter from a citizen of France, resident in Rochester, relative to his country, its President and its future prospects.—The writer speaks very highly of Odilon Barrot, whom he has had good opportunities for knowing. He regards him as decidedly the most safe statesman in France at this moment. Although not a republican before the revolution of February last—or rather not in favor of a Republic for France—yet of all the ablest and most prominent statesmen of that country, he was the nearest to being one. In this respect, as well as for moral character, he is far more worthy of trust than M. Thiers. He is a man of far more stability of principles, and of juster views of constitutional government. He is a profound jurist and an able advocate, which M. Thiers most certainly is not.

Although some Protestants are alarmed because Falloux, a zealous Roman Catholic, is appointed Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, the writer has no great fears that injustice will be done to the Protestants, if Odilon Barrot is placed at the head of the Ministry, for he has nobly defended the cause of the Protestants in the Courts of France. He knows what they are, and what religious liberty is also.

He corrects some mistakes into which the Tribune and some other New York papers have fallen, in speaking of Louis Napoleon. Some represent him as being a young man. He is in his 41st year, having been born in 1808.

Another paper says that the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Maria Louisa were sponsors at the baptism of Louis Napoleon. This is wrong. It was Napoleon and Josephine.

The writer concludes:

A singularly good fortune seems to have followed the family of poor Josephine. Her son, Eugene Beauharnais, married the Princess Amelia, of Bavaria, a woman of excellent character, who lives still at Munich, respected by all. And after having served in all the campaigns of his stepfather, with distinguished reputation for every virtue, as a General of the highest rank, and wearing for a time the title of King of Italy, he ended his days in peace in Bavaria, while Napoleon, Prometheus-like, was chained to the rock of St. Helena, there to die.

Eugene Beauharnais left two sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter, (called Josephine, after her grandmother,) is now Queen of Sweden. Nor is there a happier Queen in Europe, or one more beloved. The second daughter was the last wife of Don Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil. She still lives, and wears the title of Duchess of Braganza. She is a beautiful woman. The third is married to a German Duke, whose name and title I do not recall at this moment. The fourth was not married when I saw her and her mother, with one of her other sisters, at Stockholm, on a visit to the then Crown-Princess of Sweden, (now its Queen) in the summer of 1836.

The elder of the sons of Eugene Beauharnais married the present Queen of Portugal, but died a few days or weeks afterwaid. The younger, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, married the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and is a great favorite with Nicholas. And here we have the son of Hortense elected the first President of the Republic of France! This is wonderful. "God is great!" says the Mohammedans; God is *just*, also, as every page of the history of mankind would teach us, if we could or would but read it aright. Let us hope that He will deign to guide and bless the grandson of the injured and good Josephine as the President of France, and make him a blessing to that country.

THE JEWELLER BIT.

In a populous town, in one of the midland counties of England, a stranger of agreeable manners and fashionable exterior frequently made his appearance. He gradually obtained the acquaintance of some of the most respectable inhabitants, among the rest, of a jeweller, a man of considerable wealth, and reputed to be very knowing in his profession.

One day, while sitting after dinner over a bottle of wine, our friend of the precious stone department, whose eyes were never idle in the way of business, espied, on the little finger of his new acquaintance, a richly chased gold rings, set, (apparently,) with a brilliant of great size, and of the first water. He begged to be permitted a nearer view, which was accorded with much politeness by the stranger.

"A magnificent stone, sir," said the jeweller, returning the ring: "it is but seldom we see a brilliant of that size so perfectly free from flaw or blemish."

"You mistake, sir," said the stranger, smiling. "It is but an imitation stone, yet so excellent a one, that the best judges have been deceived by its appearance."

"How!" returned the other, "a false brilliant? It cannot be. I have followed my profession for thirty years, and I never yet have been so deceived. Permit me a second inspection."

But this only served to confirm his first impression. "It cannot be," he repeated to himself; "I know a good stone when I see it, as well as any man in England; and if that be not one may I never sell watch or diamond again!" Then aloud to the stranger—"May I ask if you are inclined to dispose of this ring?"

"No. It was the gift of a valued friend to me on his death-bed. I esteem it almost as highly as if it were, as you suppose, a genuine brilliant. And, in truth," he added, with a smile, "as such articles do obtain their artificial value merely from their appearances, this ring, being so admirable an imitation as to deceive even a connoisseur, answers the same purpose as the purest diamond ring in the world."

"Admirable, indeed!" echoed he of the silver trade. "It is a treasure. Why, Rundell himself might swear to its being a true stone."

"The best judges," said the stranger, "are at times deceived. I can have no possible motive to mislead you in this matter; and I assure you, on my word of honor, that this is a false brilliant."

The jeweller knew not what to make of it. There seemed, indeed, no possible motive to deceive him. He looked first at the stranger, and then at the ring; but the former only smiled good temperedly at the jeweller's incredulity, and, as for the ring, it still gave the lie to the owner's words.

"I will stake my life on it," thought the merchant of precious stones—"I will stake my life on it, that he is himself deceived as to the value of the stone, or else that, for some reason or other, he does not wish others to know it."

Some days past, and the stranger did not recur to the subject. But the lapidary's thoughts ran continually on the brilliant, and every time they met the temptation became stronger. At last he summoned courage, and asked him of the ring if he were willing to entrust it to his care for a single day, that he might test its purity to his own satisfaction. To this request the stranger at once assented, and the ring was placed in the jeweller's hands.

But all the usual tests only strengthened his original opinion. He showed it to several of his brother lapidaries, and they were in ecstacies at the sight; declaring it one of the most perfect brilliants they had ever seen.

"Well!" though he, at last, "if it be not a diamond, the best judges think it is; and it is the same to me as if it were. I can sell it as a diamond, and that is enough."

In returning it, therefore, next day he asked its owner what sum would tempt him to part with it.

"I have told you," he replied, "that I value the ring much above its real value. I do not wish to part with it."

"I will give much more than its value as a false brilliant," said the jeweller. "I will give you two thousand five hundred pounds for it."

"I may venture another offer," thought the merchant, "I can sell it for five thousand." Then aloud—"I will give three thousand pounds for it, and that is my last offer."

"I will tell you, candidly," rejoined the other, at a pause, playing with the ring, and drawing it several times off and on his finger; "I do not think it right to sell it; but you seem so very anxious to possess it, that I know not how to refuse you. And yet—to take three thousand pounds for what is not worth three hundred. I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience. Will you give me," he added, at last, "a certificate from under your own hand that you purchase this stone from me, not as a diamond, but (as in truth it is) as a false brilliant?"

"With pleasure," said the other, eager to close the bargain.

"Then the ring is yours."

The merchant immediately wrote out the certificate and a check on his banker for three thousand pounds, and the stranger, drawing his ring from his finger, presented it and received the papers.

The same evening the jeweller took out his treasure from one of the innermost drawers of his secret cabinet, to admire its lustre at his leisure. It seemed to him less bright than before. He rubbed first the stone and then his eyes.—Could he have been deceived? It certainly *was* less bright. He held in a stronger light—his suspicions increased—he applied his highest magnifier—alas! alas! the fraud was too evident. The stranger had adroitly substituted another at the moment the bargain was closed, and the lapidary had given three thousand pounds for a bit of paste.

But remedy there was none. There were witnesses enough to prove the stranger's repeated assertion that the diamond was a false one, and even his own certificate would testify to the same effect.

So he smothered his bitter disappointment as well as he might, tossed the treacherous bauble into a corner, and never again boasted to his brother lapidaries of his bargain in purchasing a diamond ring.

THE GRAND SECRET OF MASONRY.

DISCOVERED BY A LADY.

On a visit to a neighboring city recently, I called at the house of my friend B, with whom I had long been acquainted. To my astonishment, I found his lady reading a Masonic paper. I asked her what change had come over her, that she could not only admit such a paper to her house, but could sit down to its perusal, for I knew her father's family were among the most vindictive, bitter, proscriptive Anti Masons that ever left the infected district of New York.—She replied that she had discovered the grand secret of Masonry; and if it would be agreeable to me she would relate how she came to make the discovery. I requested her to proceed, when she did, as follows:

"Soon after you left here last Fall, I learned to my extreme mortification, that my husband had become a Mason. I attributed it to your influence, and I need not say what my feelings were towards you or my husband. I at once came to the conclusion that my domestic happiness was at end; but I resolved that my conduct in all the relations of wife and mother, should be such that the world should see that I had done all a woman should do. Some three or four months after I learned my husband had joined the Masons, a circumstance occurred that for the first time gave me any reason to doubt his integrity. It was one of the coldest nights last winter that my husband returned at a late hour, and said to me, "Margaret, cannot you do without your blanket shawl?' I replied that I could. He asked me to get it for him, and bring him a bed-spread or comfort. I handed the articles to him, and he immediately left the house. I went to the window, and by the light from the lamps, discovered another man with a large basket: the shawl and comfort were placed in it, and they soon disappeared. My husband returned in about half an hour. I had retired—and he had every reason to suppose that I was asleep; but I was not, neither did I close my eyes with sleep that night. I expected in the morning, as a matter of course, he would have some story prepared to explain his mysterious conduct. This he failed to do, which induced me to keep a sharp loook-out for my shawl, for I knew that if I could once get my eye on it, I would be able to unravel the whole mystery.

"It was not long after, as I was on the street, that a female whisked past upon whom I discovered my shawl. The good for nothing huzzy, I thought, while a glow of triumph thrilled every nerve, and quickened my pace in the pursuit. I followed her closely from one street to another into the fourth story of a book-bindery. I saw her very composedly lay aside my shawl, and sit down to her work, where, urged on by that insatiable desire to get the clew to my husband's perfidy, I soon learned the street and number of her residence, and immediately left for it. I was not mistaken either, for I saw my comfort there.—The whole secret flashed upon my mind at once, clearly as if it had been written by a sunbeam from Heaven. There I found a widowed mother in the last stages of consumption, and three children dependent upon the scanty pittance earned by the elder sister, whom I had so suspiciously followed. I learned from the lips of the dying woman a lesson that, in all my philosophy, I had never dreamed of—such a tale of sorrow I had never listened to—and when she related the deed of charity that had been the cause of all my unhappiness, I felt that there was not room in my bosom to appreciate the disinterested benovolence of my husband. She said, 'I do not know how we should have lived but for the kindness of two persons who came here late one night and left a basket filled with provisions, some bed clothes, a shawl and five dollars. They just opened the door, and set in the basket, saying—'accept this, and ask no questions,' and left before I had time to inquire their names. I do not know who they were, and I have had some doubts where these things came, but I never forgot in my daily payer to Him who openeth his hand and filleth the poor with bread, that if these were men, to keep them and theirs from the sorrows and afflictions with which I have been visited." I left the house a better woman than when I entered it. "But the grand secret of Masonry," said I "I thought you were to tell what it is?" She replied, "it is to do good *and not tell of it.*"—*Masonic Review.*

Taking the Starch out of 'Em!

A COLD WATER SKETCH, BY THE YOONG 'UN.

A knot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran into the Hudson River, in one of the small towns near Albany, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vieing with his neighbor in the endeavor to pitch a missile at the farthest distance from the shore, when a tall stout built Vermonter, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for awhile remained a quiet observer of their movements.

He was a brawney, strong-looking Yankee, and was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and giving it a jerk it fell to the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat, a loud 'bravo!' went up from half a dozen voices around him.

It was a cold, clear day in October, and the men determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts; but the Vermonter, without saying a syllable to any one continued to pitch the pebbles far out into the stream, which seemed to annoy one of them in a green jacket, the appearant leader of the gang, who declared he wouldn't be beaten by a feller right strait out of the woods, no how; and sidling up to the stranger, he determined to make his acquaintance.

'Where do you come from, neighbor?' inquired the other.

'*Me?* Wal, I hails from Varmount, jes now friend.'

'Hain't been in these parts long. I reck'n.'

'Wal—no. Not odzackly, *yere*—but up and daown, sorter.'

'Yis—so I 'spozed.'

'Yass,' continued the green 'un, carelessly, and seizing a big billet of wood he twirled it over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore, in the water.

'You've a little strength in your arms, neighbor.'

'*Some* "pum'kins"—is them flippers, stranger. Up in aour tawn, more'n a munth ago, I driv them are knuckles rite stret thru a board, more'n a nineh'nuff thick!'

'Haw—haw!' shouted his hearers, the man in the green jacket laughing the loudest.

'May be you don't b'lieve it.'

'Not much,' answered the crowd.

'We aint *very* green, down here in York—*we* aint,' said the fellow in the green jacket 'we've been about, you see.'

'Wal, jes you look yere, friend,' continued the Vermonter, in the most plausible manner; 'up in aour caunty, we've a party big river, considerin'—Inyun River, it's called, and may be you've heard on't. Wal, I hove a man clean across that river t'other day, and he came daown fair and square on t'other side!'

'Ha, ha, *ha!*' yelled his auditors.

'Wal, naow, you may laff, but I kin deu it agin.'

'Do what?' sad the green-jacket, quickly.

'I kin take and heave you across that river yender, jest like open and shet!'

'Bet you ten dollars of it.'

'Done!' said the Yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-east bank!) he covered the braggar's shinplaster.

'Kin you swim, feller?'

'Like a duck,' said green-jacket—and without further parley, the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the seat of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully heels over head, from the end of the dock—some ten yards out into the Hudson River.

A terrific shout rang through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and, amidst the cheers and screams of his companions, the ducked bully put back to the shore scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

'I'll take that ten-spot, if you please,' said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholder. 'You took us for green horns, eh? We'll show you how we do things down here in York'—and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

'Wal, I reckon you wunt take no ten-spots jes' yit, cap'n.'

'Why? You've lost the bet.'

'Not exactly. I didn't calkilate on deenin' it *the first time*—but I tell you, I kin *deu* it.'—and again, in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his over-alls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than upon the first trial?

Again the bully returned, amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

'Third time never fails' said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; 'I ken *deu* it, I tell ye.'

'Hold on!' said the almost petrified victim—

'And I *will* deu it—*if I try till to-morrow morning.*'

'I give it up!' shouted the sufferer, between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's—'take the money.'

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten spot, and as he turned away, remarked:

'We aint much acquainted with you smart folks daourn here in York, but we sometimes 'take the starch aout of 'em' our way—and p'raps you wunt try it on to strangers. *I reck'n* you wunt,' he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections!

How the Captain didn't like Macaroni.—Capt Mike Humphrey is one of the queerest specimens of Yankee captains that ever sailed out of the port of Boston. A few years ago, as he would say, 'time I was in the old Leander,' (a brig he then commanded,) he was a darned sight greener than he is now, although he has arrived at a green old age. Arriving at Charleston, S C, where he was bound from this port with an assorted cargo, consigned to Joseph Leland, Esq., he was invited according to custom to dine with the merchant; one of the dishes consisted of boiled macaroni which was cut into pieces about an inch long—Capt. Mike looked at it with a curious eye, and the host supposing he was fond of it, asked him if he would be helped to some, Mr. Leland, said the Captain, striking the table with the handle of his knife by way of emphasis, Mr Leland I am a poor man and somewhat hungry, but I can't eat worms, worms! Captain said the astonished host, why its maccaroni. I don't know what you call 'em down South, replied the skipper, but where I was raised we call such things muck worms, but I never see any of 'em cooked before, and I guess you will have to excuse me from your table for really I don't feel right in my stomach. The host tried to explain but without effect, and the Captain took his hat and went aboard his brig, where having settled his stomach with a horn of brandy, he stayed his appetite till supper time by means of two pounds of cold salt beef, and to this day he can never be persuaded that maccaroni is any better to eat than muck worms.—*Mail.*

Fast. A man was found at Trenton the other day mounted on a ladder, with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires. He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia 'by telegraph.' It was found afterwards that he was a newly married man.

WIRE FENCE—MODE OF MAKING, EXPENSE, &c.

BY MYRON ADAMS.

Messrs. Editors:—Having lately completed 24 rods of wire fence, and knowing that many farmers intend building such fence if it is found to answer a good purpose, I am induced to give a detailed account of it, that others may profit by my experience.

In the first place I would premise that this fence extends from my house (which is situated on a considerable elevation,) to the highway, and is therefore more expensive than ordinary fences upon the farm. At each end of the fence I set a large cedar post three feet in the ground, and brace it firmly in the direction of the fence. The brace is about eight feet long, and extends from the top of the post to a large stone placed firmly in the ground. Two other cedar posts are placed at unequal distances between the outside posts, on account of the irregular descent of the ground. All the other posts are of band iron 1 1-4 inch thick, and placed one rod apart—Intermediate posts are placed between these, extending only to the fifth wire, and made of half-inch band iron. All of these posts are punched with holes for the wires to pass through. The long posts pass through large flat stones and are clinched on the under side. These stones are firmly bedded in the ground. The posts should be fastened in these stones by pouring around them melted lead or brimstone.

The wires used are Nos. 10 and 12, and I am confident these are the best sizes where a strong fence is required. In building, I commence by running the upper wire through first, which is four feet from the ground. The second wire is ten inches below the upper, both of which are of No. 10 wire. The third wire is eight inches below the second and of No. 12 wire. The fourth wire is six inches below the third and of No. 12, wire, and so alternating the two sizes of wire to the bottom. The distances of the remaining lower wires apart are 5, 5, 4, 4, 4, inches. The wires, after passing through the lower post, are fastened firmly, which I did by passing them through a piece of iron and coiling the ends.

I don't know that I can desbribe the manner of straining the wires intelligibly, but I will try. At the upper end of the fence, after the wires have passed through the post, they also pass through a plank of the same width and height. Each wire is then passed through a roller 1 1-2 inches in diameter and six inches long, having one tenanted for a crank. A board of the length and width of the plank is placed upon these rollers. After each wire is strained by turning the rollers, a pin is passed through the board and roller into the plank which fastens them firmly. The wires will contract some in cold weather and should not be drawn too tight, at first.

As to the expense, I can not be as definite as I could wish, as some of the wire purchased was too small. I have used about 110 lbs of wire, costing $9 50. Twenty iron posts at 6 cts each, $1 25; 20 short posts at 3 cts. each, 60 cts.; 4 cedar posts, $1, making $4. painting $1—making an amount of $16,35.

Since the fence was completed I have had it broken through once by an ox racing with a horseman. I have found that the wires break only where ends are looped together. I have since joined them by flattening the ends, laying them together and winding them for four inches with a small wire—This is the manner of joining them at the Niagara Suspension Bridge. The wires of this bridge are boiled in linseed oil, which forms an impervious coating, and probably toughens the wire.

As to the strength of the fence, I think it sufficient to withstand any ordinary pressure. Wires of the same size at the Suspension Bridge are each strained to a tension of 150 lbs. The great objection to this fence, in the minds of many people, is its being invisible. This is why I like it, as it does not mar the beauty of the landscape.

In conclusion I would say that I like this fence, because the winds make no impression upon it—no snow banks form beside it—it occupies no space—costs less than the painting of a good board fence, and, although invisible, looks beautifully when the ground is covered with snow; and as to its durability, if wire bridges will endure, wire fences will last an age.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., Dec. 1848.

Genesee Farmer for January.

Wonderful if True.—Mr Henry M Paine, of Worcester, Massachusetts, informs the 'Scientific American' that he has discovered a plan of generating light, by 'mechanical action,' from water and lime. Mr. Paine says:

"I have continued the experiments at intervals, and am now enabled to announce a successful result. I have produced a light equal in intensity to that of four thousand gas burners of the largest 'bat's wing' pattern, with an apparatus occupying four square feet of room, at a cost of one mill per hour, the current of electricity being evolved by the action of machinery wound up with a common lock key, and the only materials consumed are water and lime."

A light equal to four thousand gas burners, at a cost of one mill *per hour!* This throws into deep shadow, even the astonishing assertion of the English patentees of the 'Electric Light,' that they are able to furnish for three half pence, light equivalent to that of one hundred wax candles, for one hour.